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completely at their wits' end, uttering piercing lamentations, or so roughly endeavouring to effect a release, as to endanger the life of their friend. Pleased with the affectionate solicitude displayed by these monkeys, and sympathising in their disappointment, the lady, after having amused herself for a considerable period by watching their manœuvres, ordered one of the servants to let the monkey loose. The moment the party perceived that his freedom was effected, their joy was unbounded; embracing him many times, they gamboled and capered about with delight; and, finally, seizing the emancipated prisoner by the arm, ran off with him to the woods, and were never seen again, not one of the same species appearing during the time the party remained in camp; thus corroborating the evidence of the natives, who persisted in declaring, that grey, black-faced monkeys, with long arms, were not inhabitants of the district. A circumstance, somewhat similar, and equally authentic, which took place on the Madras side of India, related to the writer by an officer of rank to whom it occurred, may amuse those who take an interest in inquiring into the habits and manners of a race which, together with the conformation, seem to partake of the caprices and inconsistencies of man. Near to the bungalow in which the officer resided, and which had been newly erected in a jungly district, a troop of monkeys were in the habit of crossing the road daily, on their way to the neighbouring woods. On one of these occasions, a sepoy, perceiving the amusement which they afforded to his officer, caught a young one, and brought it to the house, where it remained fastened to one of the pillars of the verandah. The parents of this monkey were soon perceived to take up a position on a ledge of rocks opposite, but at some distance, where they could obtain a view of their imprisoned offspring, and there they sat all day, sometimes apparently absorbed in silent despair, at others breaking out into paroxysms of grief. This lasted for a long time; days passed away without reconciling the parents to their loss; the same scene was enacted, the same sorrow evinced; and, being of a compassionate disposition, the young officer took pity upon the misery of the bereaved pair, and gave his captive liberty. Anticipating the contemplation of the greatest delight at the meeting, he looked out to the rock, whither the young monkey instantly repaired, but, instead of the happy re-union which his fancy had painted, a catastrophe of the most tragic nature ensued. Seizing the truant in their arms, the old monkeys tore it to pieces in an instant; thus destroying at once the pleasurable sensations of the spectator, and perplexing him with vain conjectures whether, irritated by their previous distress, they had avenged themselves upon its cause; or whether, in the delirium of their joy, they had too roughly caressed the object of their lamentations. Having committed this strangely cruel act, the monkeys took their departure.

GENIUS AND LEARNING.

There are no two attributes or properties of the mind more essentially distinct than genius and learning; and yet no two from whose union such great and manifold advantages result. Wherever they exist singly, it is quite manifest how much each requires the assistance of the other. In fact, from their very nature it appears, that it is only when united that they can be productive of any lasting benefit. The very qualities which each possesses show them to be mutually dependent on each other. Genius, in the general acceptation of the word, is solely the gift of nature. It is that subtle texture—that mystical organization—that harmonious adjustment and congruity of all the mental powers, by which is produced a loftiness of sentiment, and a capacity and amplitude of conception, that surpasses the range and limits of ordinary minds. Learning, on the contrary, is the product of labour, acquired by application and industry, and the result, not of any union or combination of intellectual agencies, or any peculiar refinement of the mind, but of the proper use, exercise, and cultivation of those faculties of perception of which we are all to a certain degree possessed. Thus, we see that the former wants the gra-

vity and steadiness of the latter to direct it in its pursuits while the latter needs the fervour and energy of the former to maintain and support it in its exertions. Instances have occurred where each existing singly has arrived at distinction—as genius in some of our poets, (though many of them have had both united, and where such union has existed their fame has been the greater, as in the case of Milton;) learning in some of our historians or eminent lawyers, where the same remark too holds good; and both have existed together in some of our distinguished statesmen. On the whole, perhaps, it is not unfair to conclude, that when they exist singly, the attainment of distinction is but probable and likely; but when they are united, it is certain and undoubted. In fact, genius without learning may be compared to a ship elegantly constructed, but unprovided with a helm, or to some amazing mechanical force without a directing power to control its motions. It may, by its own innate might, strike out a bold and daring course in the regions of mind, and sometimes arrive perhaps at its proposed end; but then, too frequently it is in danger of exhausting itself in boundless speculation, or being lost amid the very world of imaginings which its own power had created. Learning, again, without genius, or at least a moderate portion of it, is the ship furnished with the helm, but in want of the sails by which it can catch the breeze and bound over the deep. It may possess a large and comprehensive knowledge, and a clear and perspicuous judgment resulting from this knowledge, but it will want that alacrity and agility of mind by which it is buoyed up and supported amid the turmoil of life. And thus, in order to realize great results, both must be joined. It is the junction of both that has produced our greatest statesmen and philosophers. A Burke and a Newton are the offspring of their union. Together, they are the sources of every thing grand and noble in the achievements of mind. They create around them a luminous and phosphorescent atmosphere, from which have radiated those lucent streams of knowledge that have enlightened the world. Yet notwithstanding this, it is by no means unusual to see men gifted with a very high order of mind, not only neglecting it, but even making what ought to be an incentive, an excuse for want of industry upon their part, when they ought to recollect, that the noblest productions of nature are capable of being improved, and that even the finest diamond is not seen in its full lustre and brilliancy, till the hand of art has rubbed away its excrescences, and thus imparted a smoothness and polish to its external surface. W. R.

REAL AND AFFECTED SENSIBILITY.

A very cursory observation of life must have impressed the inquirer with the striking difference between real and affected sensibility—it betrays itself in even the minutest point of conduct, and devotes the hypocrite to the contempt he so well merits.

It must, however, be allowed, for the honour of human nature, that much of this indifference to the comfort of others is superinduced. Pity is an emotion which it is difficult to quench, and we have some scruples to overcome before we systematically substitute the base coin of pretended sympathy, for the sterling ore of genuine kindness; but the effort once made, the return to true feeling is next to impossible. It is so much more agreeable to make professions than exertions, so much less troublesome to force the tear than to open the heart, that love of ease to which human nature is so prone, comes in aid of our selfishness, and we become irretrievably impenetrable, while we may fancy ourselves, or at least wish to persuade others, that we abound in the milk of human kindness.

It cannot be doubted that the reading of novels must, amongst females particularly, tend greatly to this hardening of the heart. The perusal of romances serves not merely to pervert but to enfeeble the mind, and we accordingly find that those who indulge in such studies, either fly from, or are unequal to bear the pressure of, real calamity. If it falls upon themselves, their pusillanimity is contemptible—if it overtakes others, their defection is notorious. They cannot endure, *their feelings are so acute.*

the screams of pain, or the disgust of a sick chamber. If a limb is to be amputated, the sufferer is handed over by the sentimentalist to the vulgar pity of the surgeon's apprentice, or the nurse-tender; nor does he return till all is safe and tranquil, and he can earn the cheap fame of sympathy, founded on a few hackneyed inquiries or an hour's attendance.

If this miserable shrinking from the imperious duties of existence—this base treachery, which adheres during the sunshine, and flies before the storm—were attended only by temporary and trifling sufferings, it would be sufficient to mark it with the stigma of ridicule; but its effects are too serious to pass it by with such a notice—it deserves, on the contrary, the most unqualified reprobation, and the persons proved guilty of the mischief should be hooted out of society.

RIDES THROUGH THE COUNTY OF CORK.



FOUR-MILE-WATER.

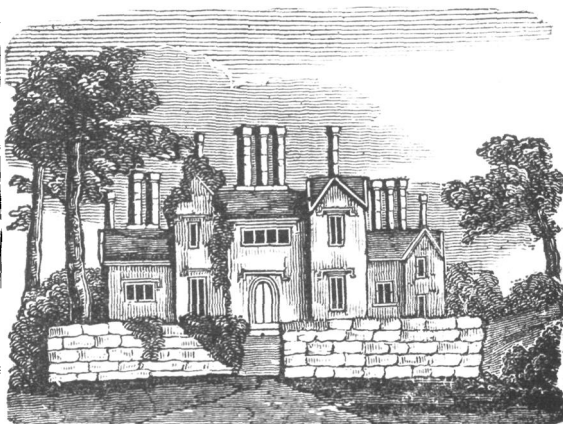
On the morning that succeeded the social evening we described in a former chapter of our "Rides," (No. 138,) Father R— introduced the subject of the architectural antiquities of his neighbourhood.

"With one or two exceptions," said he, "this district is rather bare of such remains, and those which we have are evidently of the rudest construction, which marks them as the fabrics of a period when security from depredation was one of the principal objects which the chieftain, or proprietor, proposed to himself in constructing his residence. Of Castle Donovan, I think, my honest friend, you already know *satis superque*; a few miles to the north-east lies the ruin of Toher, once of considerable size and strength, but now chiefly remarkable from the luxuriant clusters of ivy that festoon the walls of the castle to its very summit. It would be richly worth your while, as I think you are somewhat of a botanist, to ride half a mile out of your way to look at the ivy at Toher—it is really gigantic. Loudon, in his *Encyclopedia of Agriculture*, (a work which I constantly study,) observes, that the humidity and mildness of the atmosphere produce in the south of this kingdom a luxuriance and rapidity of growth in vegetation, to which no other part of the empire affords any parallel; and this, he says, appears in the most remarkable manner in the ivy and other evergreens, with which the kingdom abounds. He is quite right; but of all the magnificent masses of ivy I have seen, I think the prodigious growth of that evergreen at Toher the most remarkable for picturesque richness and vigour. I have planted ivy to the walls of the parish chapel, although only on the northern and eastern exposures; it will not generate damp, unless it grows upon the sides of the building exposed to the humidity of our atmosphere—namely, the south and west."

While his reverence spoke, we were slowly sauntering towards the chapel, on the erection of which, in spite of the poverty of the parishioners, Father John justly piqued himself not a little. It was built at three onsets, the parish being unable to accomplish so great an undertaking in a single year; and its size and appearance were suffi-

ciently respectable to do credit to the zeal and perseverance of both pastor and parishioners.

"See," said he, "here is the space we have enclosed for a cemetery; and there, in front, I have planted a grove of ash and other trees; do you see those four tall ash placed apart from each other?—I mean to be buried in that spot, should I die in the parish. How do you like my chapel? And, more than all, what think you of the inimitable economy of space with which I have placed the vestry-room under the altar? Sir, I pride myself not a little upon my architectural skill; and I like you so well, that I'll show you (what I have shown to very few) the plan of a cottage that I purpose erecting for my residence, should Plutus ever smile on me so far as to give me the requisite means.



Plan of Father John's intended residence.

"There's my cottage, Sir. It isn't so bad for a mere amateur—there's a dash of the antique about it, which I am sure you must like. I threw off the sketch in a few minutes, when the fancy inspired me; and I promise you the internal arrangements would be quite as commodious as the exterior is simple and pleasing. Among the rest, I purpose arriving at the glory of a *bouchoir*—only think, a *bouchoir* in the wilds of this parish, which is nearly unpronounceable by civilized lips! There, Sir, I shall have my books, my drawings, my mathematical instruments, and, peradventure, a few of the more scientific implements of the *cuisine*, for the benefit of those dear and chosen friends who are equally skilled with myself in gastronomic science. You may perhaps be admitted to a few of these select, exclusive orgies, provided you approve yourself *au fait* in the projection of some exquisite *bouilli*, some inimitable *pâté*, or some scientific *vol-au-vent*, or anything, in short, which may render you worthy of such an envied distinction."

I could not avoid smiling at the enthusiasm with which my host affected to speak of the *cuisine*; as he really was as sincere a votary of temperance in the use of the good things of the table, as any one I ever have met. He soon reverted to the subject of his intended cottage.

"Now, Sir, if I go to the expense of erecting this edifice, I shall surround it with a garden in the antique mode: my parterres, my flowers, my evergreen hedges, my arbours, my 'verdant walls,' and my velvet alleys, shall be all in the style so enchantingly described and recommended by the *Abbé*, the *Comte*, and the *Chevalier*, in that sweet old work on arboriculture by *Du Bois*. Don't laugh, as if I were guilty of any very great extravagance in this: remember that my garden plot is small, that I am a tolerable hand at spade, shovel, and pruning-knife myself, and that the *gossoon* about the house can do wonders when working along with so finished a proficient as I am. I shall have *multum in parvo*. But when do you start for Four Mile Water? I am going to the parish of Durrus to-day, and I shall feel glad to accompany you."

Our horses were accordingly saddled for the excursion to Four-Mile-Water, to which, the preceding evening, I had spoken of proceeding on this day. Mr. R—'s conversation beguiled the hours of my ride through this